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THE BLESSINGS of P****,

AND A

SCOTCH EXCISE:

OR THE

HUMBUG RESIGNATION.

A FARCE; in Two Acts.

As it was lately Performed at the NEW THEATRE in *S— A—y Street*,

By His M———'s
COMPANY of COMEDIANS.

LONDON:

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Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dramatis Perſonæ.

L. B——.

Squire REYNARD.

Monſieur NEVER-A-NOSE.

Young LEO.

Lady DOOWAGGER:

BUCKHORSE, *and other Bruiſers.*

Scotch *Authors.*

Meſſengers.

Ghoſt, &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE BLESSINGS of P****,

AND A

SCOTCH EXCISE, &c.

Enter Squire REYNARD, *and L.* B——.

Squire REYNARD.

NOW, my good Lord, you have gain'd the higheſt point of all your wiſhes. This day the moſt glorious P**** that ever *England* made——

L. B——.

Hau'd your tongue there——Na, na; it was na *England*, in gude troth; it was a thorough *Scotch* P—— An it had na been for me, the de'el a word wad ye ha' hard o' the matter.

Squire REYNARD.

To you, my Lord, we owe all the bleſſings that may derive from it. But alas, my countrymen, I'm ſorry to ſay it, are very inſenſible of the ſervice you have done them.

L. B——.

I ken it weel; but there are ways enough to ſoften them into approbation——A little time will reduce them to a good opinion of my meaſures. Money will bring over the neceſſitated and avaritious. A poſt here, and a penſion there, properly beſtowed, will ſtop the mouths of thoſe who bellow againſt, or open them to bellow for me.

Squire REYNARD.

Loyalty and public ſpirit are the meereſt jokes in nature——there's hardly a man but prefers his own private intereſt to the good of his king and country.

L. B——.

You ſay right and the: and though theſe *Engliſh* raſcals, (I don't mean thoſe in the *Scotch* intereſt; for they are as much inclin'd to the *Stuart* family as myſelf) are as eaſily brib'd into oppoſite meaſures as any people under the ſun, notwithſtanding all the pretended regard for the illuſtrious H——e of *H——r*.

Squire

Squire REYNARD:

Mere pretences! Did the people ever ſhew more diſſatisfaction under any other Houſe? ——Who were more abus'd during their adminiſtrations, than the very ſupporters of the *Han——n* line?——The man in power is always the mark of reproach; and you have no more of it than others, whoſe principles were as different from yours as light and darkneſs.

L. B——.

Favour and fortune have placed me above their reſentment. Let the mob rail; their treaſure is is my hands, and I can bribe their R——s with their own money.

Squire REYNARD.

But, in a land of bribery and corruption, where will this end?

L. B——.

O, it ſhall go no farther than till I have eſtabliſhed the baſis of my power. Thoſe who are only the temporary advocates of my adm————n ſhall have places and penſions for a time—but the real friends of the old cauſe ſhall be fixed upon a more ſolid foundation.

Squire REYNARD.

Ay, my Lord: and you know I was always a ſtaunch friend to it in my own private principles.

L. B——

L. B——.

Yes; ſo very ſtaunch, that I ſhall give you the ſlip the very firſt opportunity. *Aſide.*

Squire REYNARD.

My Lord!

L. B——.

I ſay we muſt ſlip no opportunity.

Squire REYNARD.

None. Let every thing be fixt as ſoon as poſſible for the important event; which, when effected, will be the better for us and the nation in general.

L. B——.

In the mean while, the commonalty muſt be ſoothed with ſights and proceſſions; the only way toinveigle a thoughtleſs multitude. he ſt-te c—h was a ſcheme of my own, which, while the people gaz'd with eagerneſs upon, they forgot, or at leaſt never apprehended what ſort of p—l—n—s were going to be ſign'd.

Squire REYNARD.

It was a maſter-piece of cunning.

L. B——.

Springes to catch *Engliſh* wood-cocks.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of the Black Joke.

Let an Engliſhman *feaſt but his guts or his eyes,*
And you take him as ſure as it were by ſurprize,
While he gazes and gapes at a gewgew ſo rare;
But a Scotſman *looks further and finds out the cheat.*
For mean what you will, in gude troth he can ſee't,
And theſe are the bleſſings in which we delight,
The charming effects of our fam'd ſecond ſight;
Let your gulls of Old England *deny't if they dare.*

Your grave politicians o'er punch, tea, and coffee,
Seem as wiſe as the Turk *or the* Perſian Sophy,
When they meet at the Royal Exchange *or the* Temple:
But what can they ſee—of my future intentions?
What I mean by this havock 'mong places and penſions?
This turning out old ones to put new ones in?
Yet dar'd they to grumble or make the leaſt din,
By St. Andrew *I'd ſhew the brave* Scots *an example.*

Squire REYNARD.

Ha! ha! ha! Well, thank heaven, I am not ſo ſtaunch to my country, but I can bear any joke upon it. Look upon me, my Lord, as a *Scotſman*; for between you and I, I have no great regard for *Old England*.

L. B——.

It was never the fault of an *Engliſhman* to be too national: but the ſoul of a *Scotſman* is the honour of his country; and upon that native principle will I re-eſtabliſh the baſis of *Caledonian* glory, and extend it to the moſt ſouthern ſhore of this iſland.

Squire REYNARD.

My Lord, I hope I may be conſidered in the great event as no trifling inſtrument.—— My ſervices, my Lord, I hope, will not be unrewarded—Conſider, my Lord, how many members,—who objected to the plan, came in at my interceſſion——Remember your own unpopularity—— The great oppoſition—— what a powerful faction——what a heap of obſtacles we had to ſurmount; and not only thoſe, but———

L. B——.

No more. There never was ſuch a voracious raſcal in the world. [*Aſide.*

Squire REYNARD.

There are, my Lord, ſuch vacancies in *****, and in the ******, and in the *****, and many others in different offices, that I could now diſpoſe of for ready caſh, to amount of 100,000l. which, my Lord, might be of excellent ſervice.

L. B——.

L. B——.

Say you ſo!—Go, turn 'em into caſh then, as ſoon as poſſible, and we'll ſnack it between us.

Squire REYNARD.

My Lord, you miſtake my meaning. I meant the whole profits for myſelf, for ſervices in your cauſe.

L. B——.

Oh! you did! did you!—Why, what a mercenary ſcoundrel you muſt be!

Squire REYNARD.

Security, my Lord, is the firſt grand principle of human policy; Riches are the only fortifications againſt the arrows of misfortune, change of government, and civil contentions.

SONG.

To the Tune of Shambree.

What's honour and fame, what's wit, or a name,
Compar'd with the bleſſings of riches?
'Tis wealth that ſecures us, while nature endures us,
And honour and virtue bewitches.

Pray ſhew me the man——who e'er laid down a plan,

(Tho' ever ſo great be his ſtation)
But in private the elf, had an eye to himſelf,
That weigh'd up the good of the nation.

Some boaſt public ſpirit——but who would inherit
The virtue, without the reward, ſir;
And faith, when a criſis,—ſo damnable nice is,
To go unrewarded is hard, ſir.

Then make no objections——againſt my connections,
My turn muſt be ſerv'd as is yours, ſir,
I've children and friends, and muſt think for their ends;
One cannot make things too ſecure, ſir.

L. B——.

Upon the whole, *Squire Reynard*, I don't apprehend we have any great reaſon to quarrel about principles; but yet, at the ſame time, you might have a little modeſty, and not be ſo very exorbitant in your demands—Conſider how many I have to bribe——

Squire REYNARD.

'Tis no more than feeding them with their own dung: you bribe them with their own money, don't you?

L. B——.

Not a ſouce of my own, depend on't.

Enter

Enter Monſieur NEVER-A-NOSE.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Ah! mon amie, Monſieur la *B——*, et Monſieur de *Reynard*, je vous rend et mille grace pour le bon paix——O ſacra Dieu, vat joyful news it will be to de grand Monarch, ven he come to hear dat p—e is proclaimed a *Londre*.

L. B——.

In troth it is the greateſt P—— as ever was made in his favour——and if your Excellency will but repreſent to His Majeſty of *France*, how much I have laboured to bring it about ——how I have been pelted by the city mob, rail'd at by the ſcribblers of pamphlets and party papers, expoſed and traduced by engravers and printſellers——I don't doubt but the Grand Monarch will extend his aid and aſſiſtance in any caſe, where I may be obliged to aſk it.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Sieur you ava noting to aſk, but vat de Grand Monarch is determined to grant.—— Me aſſure you he be de moſt generous, de moſt kind prince in the varld; as a proof of which, he has ſent you dis littel purſe, an earneſt only of his future intentions.

[*Gives a bag of gold.*

Squire

Squire REYNARD.

I muſt have the fingering of ſome of that, or I'll cry out Treaſon. *Aſide.*——My Lord——that's a prodigious large purſe——rather too heavy for your Lordſhip to carry——I'll lighten your load, and take half myſelf, to eaſe you.

L. B——.

The de'el blaw your bladder full of pebble-ſtanes—you ſhall not ha' a bawbee ont.

Squire REYNARD.

Why then treaſon! treaſon! treaſon!

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Tazee-vous, Monſieur——here be anoder for yourſelf.

Holds a bag of gold up to his noſe.

Enter Lady DOOWAGGER.

DOOWAGGER.

O! vat is de matter!——my dear L. *B*——, vat is de matter! I thought I heard treaſon cry'd out.

L. B——.

No ſuch thing in the world, Mame.——Make yourſelf eaſy. You ſeem faint. I have ſome drops about me will reſtore your ſpirits in a minute.

LADY

LADY.

Ah, my Lord——[*looking languiſhingly*]——I wiſh you would help me to ſome of them, or I ſhall expire.

L. B——.

Come along with me——we'll give them the ſlip. [*Exeunt* B—— *and* Doowagger.

REYNARD.

Why, aye; now this looks ſomething like! [*ſhaking the purſe*] This is ſomething of a ſalvo for ſelling one's country.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Aye, aye, Monſieur *Reynard*; me underſtand de way to ſtop a de mouth——Me be no novice in deſe affairs.

REYNARD.

O, *Never-a-noſe*, thy genius is the ſtronger.

Enter Young LEO.

Young LEO.

Now, now; where the devil's my mother got to, I wonder. Mother! Mother!—— I want to go out this afternoon to take an airing down the *New Road* ——— but I mayn't go without her leave, and my Lord's ———O, what, Maſter *Reynard* and Monſieur *Never-a-noſe!* well, what do the city people ſay about the P——: egad we came upon 'em ſlap-bang, I can tell you.

Squire

Squire REYNARD.

Pſhaw, damn the city. What, d'ye think people at the h**m pay any regard to cheeſe-mongers, tallow-chandlers, ſoap-boilers, and hardware-men? No, no——Let the poor mechanical wretches mind their ſhops and warehouſes, I ſay, and not trouble their heads with politicks.

Young LEO.

Ha! ha! ha! So ſay I. A pack of mechanical, linſey-woolſey knaves; to pretend to run counter in a national affair. What buſineſs have they from behind the counter, I wonder? but here comes a meſſenger from the city.——Well, how do they reliſh the P——e ſoup?

MESSENGER.

Why, ſome ſaid it was poor inſipid ſtuff: others ſaid it was ſeaſonable enough—Some ſaid it was more like Crowdy than *Engliſh* Soup. But the mob, as uſual, were very joyful on the occaſion: it was a ſight, and they were pleaſed.

Young LEO.

If I could but get them of my ſide once, I might do any thing.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

O, never mind the canaile; dey be noting at all——

SONG.

SONG.

By Monſieur *NEVER-A-NOSE.*

Vaud you be de pride and vonder
Of dis great and glorious age,
You muſt keep the people under,
Juſt as birds are in a cage,
Vid my Mirlaton, Mirlaton.

Ven de Grand Monarth of France *is,*
Tink to gain the people's loſe,
Taxes den he ſure advances,
Which, through fear, they muſt approve,
Vid my Mirlaton, Merlaton, Merlatoman.

Young LEO.

Ha! ha! ha! Very good, Monſieur; very good: the beſt way in the world. They ſay the *French* King is an a——y king——and what ſignifies being a k—g, without being a——y.

[*Exit* Never-a-noſe.

Enter L. B——, *and Lady* DOOWAGGER.

DOOWAGGER.

Well, child——why are you from your ſtudy. I thought you had been reading the *Hiſtory of Peter the* IIId.

Young LEO.

So I was, till juſt now—but I want to go out in my coach.

L. B——.

You'd better not ſtir out to-day, there's ſuch heaps of carriages, go where you will, that you may meet with ſome harm.

Young LEO.

My Lord, then if you and mamma have any objection, I'm ſure I won't deſire it.

Lady DOOWAGGER.

Suppoſe you was to amuſe yourſelf with your new fiddle this afternoon.

L. B——.

I'll fiddle him, I warrant (*Aſide*).—Aye, Sir, you can play *Over the Hills and far away*—*Britons ſtrike home*—or, *O Peace, thou faireſt Child of Heaven.* Play, Sir, play any thing.

Young LEO.

The devil take the fiddle; I have broke the bridge and the main ſtring; and I can't get ſuch another in the world.

Lady DOOWAGGER.

How came you to do ſo, my dear?

Young LEO.

Why, I play'd too hard, and too faſt, and it went crack all on a ſudden.

Lady DOOWAGGER.

I'd rather you'd play me a tune on your bagpige.

Young LEO.

Aye, my Lord, play my mother a tune on the bagpipe.——She's very fond of the bagpipe.

L. B——.

No, no; let me ſee the fiddle, and I'll put it in order. I'll make it bring out ſuch a tone you never heard.

Young LEO.

In truth, I don't deſire to play any more: I have fiddled away too much time and money already.

L. B——.

——That's right; be frugal——Oeconomy is the beſt virtue under the ſun. Save a candle's end, and it may light you when you can't have a flambeau.

Young LEO.

Excellent oeconomiſt!——O what extravagancies are committed in this world among the poor——I have been told they throw away the outſide leaves of a cabbage.

L. B——.

They are curſt with too much plenty; and therefore, if proper taxes were laid upon their eatables, it would enhance their eſteem for them; and we might make an immenſe ſaving.

Young LEO.

That would be clever indeed.

Lady DOOWAGGER.

Let the people be ground——it will make 'em humble. I hate them——— they are too ſaucy, and live too well.

Pride, pomp, and ſplendor, let the poor ſupport,
And plenty ſhine alone but in a C——t.

(*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE

The Outside of a great House.

Enter several People, as attending.

First Highlander.

DONALD, ken ye that I'm promis'd a guid place in the New ***; and that my brother *Jammy* is to ha another in the ******* ha laddie!

Second Highlander.

Ise in expectation of a place too, Laddie.—Father had ane geen him yesterday. O *Wally*, these are bra times.

Third Highlander.

I sent down to aw my kindred to come up and mak interest forthwith. I sall ha a gude place for my sell——There's a mickle jealousy among the *English* about it.

Enter

Enter two Scotch *Authors, with Papers under their Arms.*

First Author.

As ſoon as my Lord ken'd the Dedication, I ſaw a penſion glancing in his eye——I knew well that his Lordſhip's affection for literary merit would hardly let me paſs unrewarded. And as I tickled him like a trout, expatiated on the known generoſity of the *Scottiſh* nobility, the dignity and opulence of *Scotland*, and the bravery of its natives: the happy ſituation of the country; its commerce and agriculture; its fertility; and, laſt of all, upon the advantages that *Eugland* was like to receive from his glorious a——n.

Second Author.

I have a poem in praiſe of the P——, and the new exciſe. I think I cannot fail of getting a penſion.

Firſt Author.

You have no reaſon to fear it.

Enter BUCKHORSE, *and three Bruiſers.*

BUCKHORSE.

D——n my eyes, what a plump I gave that fellow that d——'d his Lordſhip——If it had not been for them ſailors that came up, how

I would have warm'd him——How much are you to have, *Ned*, for buffing?

Second Bruiſer.

Why, I'm to have two quids; and little enough too; for I've been hard put to't among 'em—I had ſix butchers on me all at once.

Third Bruiſer.

My eyes, you, what a ſmack I gave that youth in the head of hair, for ſaying it was a bad P——. If he had not got off as he did, I'd ha trimm'd him.

Enter a Steward, who gives them Money. They go off ſinging.

To the Tune of, O my Bit of Blue.

Was every tree but known by ſuch fruit,
There's none would object to the Muckle Jack Boot.
Oh the Jack Boot, *Oh the* S——h Boot,
May Britons *unite in the cauſe of the* Boot.

STEWARD.

Theſe are fellows, that for a ſhilling more on the other ſide, would ſhoot my maſter through the head. What poor ſhifts theſe are for great men to be put to.——One may plainly infer from this, how difficult it is for ambition to make its way to the top of power and

and ſplendor, without the aſſiſtance of the moſt abject creatures in nature.——And could one imagine that thoſe who have had the advantages of birth and education, where minds have been truly cultivated with the principles of moral virtue, could ſo bend as to want the aſſiſtance of wretches, whom they well know are the mercenary advocates of villainy and oppreſſion —— and all for what?——why, truly, that his *Honour* or his Grace may gain a precipice, to become the more conſpicuous. Alas, not thinking how much the greater, nor imagining how ſoon may be his fall.

Enter another Meſſenger *from the City.*

MESSENGER.

The devil of a candle is there in one window, from *Charing Croſs* to the *Strand*, upon this extraordinary reaſon, except among ſuch as are tradeſmen to the ****. Well, I ſuppoſe the people have adopted his Lordſhip's new ſyſtem of *oeconomy*: if ſo, he cannot take it amiſs of them——but here he comes.

Enter L. B——.

L. B——.

Well, ken'd you the muckle rejoicings about town.

M. S.

MESSENGER.

In truth, there's ſo many of my countrymen here, that I can hardly tell one from t'other.

L. B——.

The better for them and me too.——— There I fix my hopes. I placed myſelf in the center, and have fix'd my friends and countrymen around me——bra' fellows, who never knew what property was, till I gave it them, and won't eaſily part from it, let their oppoſers ſay what they will. (*Aſide.*) Well, ſince the people are not inclined to be merry on this occaſion, I will go immediately to Squire *Reynard*, to Lady *Doowagger*, and to her ſon, to Monſieur *Never-a-noſe*, and the reſt of our party. Inform them that this evening we ſhall dedicate to mirth and jolity.

(*Exit* Meſſenger.

L. B——, *ſolus.*

The bitter pill, I find, is ſwallowed with difficulty by the generality of the people. So I would have it. I ſhould think they had very little notion of national dignity, if they did not feel this vital ſtab.——This is a maſter-piece in itſelf, to alienate their affections from their maſter. To invert loyalty by craft, and make them reflect with deteſtation on him, who gave every advantage away, after they had ſtruggled ſo nobly to gain them. But leſt this ſhould not ſufficiently wean them, I have another. Doſe that ſhall totally irradi-

cate every grain of their eſteem: by that time, not a man that has the leaſt idea of liberty, but will begin to rouſe, till every thing becomes ripe for revolution; and then——but ſoft—— the company is coming this way.

Enter Squire Reynard, *Monſieur* Never-a-noſe, *Lady* Doowagger, *Maſter* Leo, *&c. &c. &c.*——

Young LEO.

O, my Lord! they tell me we ſhall all be very merry to-night. I'm vaſtly glad on't; for I have been very melancholy.

L. B——.

Why melancholy? Are not you the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of ****s? and can any thing afflict you!——Are you not abſolute in yourſelf, and ſo much above mankind, that you can cruſh them in an inſtant. Is there an arm that dare lift itſelf againſt thee? or even a tongue that preſumes to ſay, thou doeſt wrong, but what you may pluck up by the root? What power on earth is equal to thine? *Cæſar.* himſelf was not half ſo valiant, nor *Socrates* ſo wiſe, nor any man ſo good.

Young LEO.

Lord! Lord! what a man muſt I be!—I'll have all the raſcally people that oppoſe my will cut into *Scotch* collops, and given to my dogs.

L. B——.

Why into *Scotch* collops?

Young LEO.

Becauſe every thing ſhall be done in the *Scotch* way, to honour you.

L. B——.

I do not merit it——What am I?——A poor wretch; a ſervant only——whoſe only pleaſure is to enhance his maſter's glory, and to eſtabliſh his peace.

Young LEO.

To you, my Lord, I owe it——and whatever I have gained through your wiſdom, ſhall be at your diſpoſal.

L. B——.

Aye, aye; I've diſpos'd of them with a vengeance —— and I ſhall diſpoſe of you ſhortly. [*Aſide.*

Lady DOOWAGGER.

My Lord, the Company is ſeated, and only wait your preſence.

Exeunt B—— *and Lady* Doowagger.

Young LEO.

Are the Bagpipes all come?—Wee'l ha no other Muſic but Bagpipes and *Scotch* Tunes. Play up, play up. [*Sings.*

S O N G.

Tune the Bonny Broom.

How blith am I when e'en I hear
The bagpipes ſweetly play;
It glides ſo ſoftly o'er my ear,
It ſteals my ſenſe away.

To that all other muſic's vain,
All other ſound but noiſe,
Its ſolemn drone, and ſprightly ſtrain,
Each earthly care deſtroys.

O the ſtrain, the merry ſtrain,
That from the bagpipe flows!
A prince himſelf might not diſdain
To tweak it by the noſe.

Scene

Scene draws, and diſcovers Squire Reynard, *L.* B——, *and Monſieur* Never-a-noſe, (*with bottles, glaſſes, and bowls, and a table before them*) *and young* Leo, *who after a glaſs or two, falls faſt aſleep, with his head in his mother's lap.*

Squire REYNARD.

There never was ſuch champagne in *England* before. Come, my Lord, drink about: here's ſucceſs to the New Exciſe. [*Drinks.*

L. B——.

With all my heart. While we can get ſuch champagne and burgundy as we have before us, let the cyder-drinkers be damn'd.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Aye, by gar, vat be de *Englire* cyder to de goot burgundy and champagne? Now Monſieurs, dis is ſome of de ſame wine as my maſter ava for his own drinking.

Squire REYNARD.

We thank him for the preſent; 'tis excellent indeed.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Bygar, it is very goot for de *Englire* conſtitution. Parbleu, it will make de grand revolution.

L. B—.

You know we ſhall have nothing to do but to ſend young *Leo* over to *****, and then ſeize upon the ****. [*Whiſpering.*

Squire REYNARD.

Nothing ſo eaſy; we ſhall ſoon effect it.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Sacra Dieu! it will be a joyful day for my maſter; we ſhall have un Feu de Joy, and Te-Deum upon the occaſion: all de ſtreets of *Paris* will ava de illuminations, de fountains vill run vid wines, de muſique vill play, and de people vill dance. O it vill be bien in grand mafoy.

L. B—.

The better to conceal my deſign, I'll make a ſham reſignation, and ſubſtitute one of my own kidney.

Squire REYNARD.

Excellent! But don't forget that I'm to be a Lord.

L. B—.

You ſhall be a Duke, when we have cook'd our affairs.

Squire REYNARD.

Shall I! Why then here's a bumper upon the ſtrength of it. [*Drinks.*] Excellent burgundy,

burgundy, faith! [*Hiccups.*] And ſhall I be a Duke tho'?

L. B——.

You ſhall be any thing you pleaſe.

Squire REYNARD.

Why then I'll be drunk, for the time preſent, and [*hiccups*] then I ſhall be as great as *Cæſar*, *Nebuchadnezzar*, or any of them all.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

My Lord, I will plege you.

L. B——.

Monſieur, here is your maſter's health.

[*Drinks.*

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Je vous rend grace. Avout ſanta, Monſieurs. [*Drinks.*

L. B——.

This wine is rather of the ſtrongeſt.——I ſhall be as drunk as the Squire, preſently.

[*Hiccup.*]

NEVER-A-NOSE.

When de rulers of de people be drunk, de whole ſtate reels. [*Aſide.*] Sacra Dieu!—Dere is maſter *Leo* faſt aſleep, vid dis head in his moder's lap!

L. B——.

L. B——.

Let them alone; ſhe's aſleep too.—Get off; we ſhall——perhaps blabb ſomething or other we ſhould not. So Monſieur, a good night.

NEVER-A-NOSE.

Bon repoſe, dè toute Mon Cœur.

[*Exit. ambo.*

Squire REYNARD.

Higho.——Why where the Devil have they got to! Hei ho.—I have been dreaming I I was made a Lord of, for the great ſervices I had done my country.—But I don't know that ever I did any ſervices to it in my life. —So it can only be a dream, that's plain.— I'll to ſleep again. [*Sleeps.*

The ghoſt of a man riſes with a halter about hss neck.

GHOST.

What tho' thy brain with gold and titles teems,
And Avarice lures you on with golden dreams;
Remember him, who ſuffer'd on the tree,
An ignominious death, alas! for thee.
Not all the gold, or honours thou ſhalt gain,
Can from thy ſordid boſom waſh thy ſtain.

Awake,

Awake, thou wretch, prepare thee for thy
doom,
Reſerv'd alone for thee, in time to come.
[*Ghoſt ſinks.*

'*Squire* REYNARD.

Murder! fire! O the Devil, what was that? The ghoſt of a hang'd man!——Poor A****! Thou canſt not ſay I did it.—'Twas not me.

GHOST *anſwers from below.*

'Tis falſe as hell.——'Twas thee alone.——'Twas thee.

Squire REYNARD.

O conſcience! what a perpetual ſting art thou! even amidſt all the granduer and riches of this world.

Who then that's poor would ſtruggle to be
great,
Since guilt and horror is the great man's
fate?

Curtain drops.

F I N I S.

11 NOV 68

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